

THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

Bread and Butter for Tea, No More, May Still Bring Memories for Happiness

Cherries Canned Can Give No Pleasure Such As That
Derived From Glad Some Hours Eating Them Ripe
From the Orchard With Friend of Youth.

By WINIFRED BLACK.

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AND now it's canned eggs! They're the latest fad in the food fancier's diet, and they don't come from China, either. Canned eggs are not new—they're old—older than the idea of putting them in a can.

The Chinese have eaten preserved eggs for centuries. Go to a banquet in Chinatown, and if the guest of the feast is a real swell you will have to eat bird's nest soup, a roast of shark's fins, a salmon or dried duck, an entrée of devil-fish, served with its tentacles all curled around its rather disconcerting head, and as a great treat, a buried egg—dug up specially for the occasion and warranted three years old at the least.

It takes money to get a buried egg in Chinatown. I suppose I'm hopeless—old-fashioned, but I'm afraid it would take money to make me even taste one of them.

And here I am feeling the same way about the canned eggs that have but lately come into fashion.

Canned eggs! And the whole of America just one vast poultry farm! Canned eggs and cold storage chickens, and you can't take your Irish terrier out for a walk anywhere in the suburbs of any American city without scaring up at least enough hens to feed an army right under your very feet!

Canned eggs! We'll be having canned chocolate cake and pretending to think that it's really better than it was when it was so fresh out of the oven that the icing simply would not stick, no matter who you did to it. Once I stood under a tree with a dear friend of my youth, and the tree was a cherry tree, and she was picking and ate the ripe, luscious, juicy cherries, sweet in the sun and in the shade, just as my friend is to her friends.

A Winter Memory. Others that we knew passed by, and we called them in, and they talked and they ate, and the summer breeze sprang up and the sun went down in the quiet wood, and still we stood under the cherry trees and picked cherries and ate them.

From that time to this neither my friend nor I have ever been considered quite sane by those who passed us that summer afternoon and saw what we were doing.

For we ate our cherries fresh from the tree, so we really must have been crazy. Now, if we had gone into the hot kitchen and stood over the simmering range and roasted ourselves and stirred and stewed and cooked and canned the cherries we would have been doing what the neighborhood considered the proper thing.

And once in the winter when I visited my friend unexpectedly, she said:

"We aren't going to have any dessert. There's nothing in the house. Now, if we had only canned those cherries."

But I wouldn't let her even think of it, and we sat down and ate a plain little tea. No, it wasn't a dinner, it was a tea, with thin slices of bread and butter and a salad.

And, what do you think? When we came to the part where we wanted some fruit or something sweet we just put extra butter on the bread and sprinkled sugar on it, and had just as good a time as if we had ordered French pastry and eaten it.

We talked about the day when we ate the cherries—ripe and sweet and luscious—and we remembered what day it was and what time in the afternoon, and just how the shadows fell in the little orchard, and the breeze—how sweet it was when it sprang up at sunset. And how red and gold the clouds rode in the west, and we smelled again the cool fragrance of the old-fashioned blue lilies, and we heard again the quiet voice of the friend who came into the orchard and ate the cherries with us under the laden trees.

Over the Tea. We smiled to remember some of the things he said, and we sighed to wonder why what he said was always so much wiser than what he did. And we talked of his sister, the dear, kind, faithful soul who loved him so devotedly and fairly drove him to desperation with her persistent nagging.

And we spoke of the girl he loved, and of the woman who loved him, and of his friend, the man we both detested for no reason except that he always remembered dates with fiendish accuracy, and always insisted upon reminding you of them at inopportune moments.

I don't hate him because he remembers the dates," said my friend, as we sat at the tea table in the light of the dancing fire. "I hate him because he likes to make us uncomfortable by remembering."

"I don't," said I. "I hate him because he knows he does make us uncomfortable, and I'm always trying to get him to believe that he doesn't. I hate that gleam of intelligence in his eye."

"It isn't intelligence," said my friend. "It's cunning."

I loved her for the word, because when you feel sixteen and are having such a good time about it, it is such a nuisance to have some old bore, who feels like Methuselah, insist that your middle name will soon be Methuselah, too.

And we laughed and scolded and remembered and were happy together, my friend and I, as no canned cherries would ever have made us in the world. Just because we didn't eat cherries, but stood under the trees and ate them when they were red and sweet and very ripe.

I'm glad we did it, and I'm going to keep on being glad.

IN HER NET

By Michelson

No Honest Sons of Toil Suffer From Mysteries Freely Called Indigestion

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG.

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RARELY, indeed, do honest sons of toil suffer any of the mass of medical mysteries mislabeled "indigestion." Simple fare, outdoor work, sunlight, early to bed and early to rise prevent disordered stomachs of the benighted as well as the

The saliva flows freely in vigorous people. It is preferable, therefore, to use it to moisten cereals, instead of cooking them with water. Manufacturers of advertised cereals take advantage of this physiologic fact and advise that their particular product be taken dry or with cream in lieu of milk and water. Intestinal disabilities come at times from cooked cereals.

Chew all cereals. This converts the starches into sugars by means of the saliva and into soft material by mastication. By all means shun starches and cereal foods if the day is hot and clammy. Profuse perspiration deprives the mouth of saliva, and explains why we are without desire for food, even when tired and faint on a hot day. A cold shower often restores the flow of saliva and the appetite simultaneously.

No Food Is Tasteless. The facts emphasized by me in these articles that hot foods and hot fluids should never enter the stomach means excommunication for the supposedly civilized habit of drinking hot soups, hot tea, hot coffee, hot chocolate and other hot beverages. Dr. William J. Mayo, of St. Mary's Hospital, Rochester, Minn., even suspects that some instances of cancer of the tongue, oesophagus and digestive tube may be blamed upon these volcanic temperatures.

Recent researches go even further than this with respect to mustard, pepper, tobacco, horseradish, vinegar and other spices, condiments and seasonings. In the equity courts of the pure food laboratories it has been discovered that ulcers of the stomach walls, "hyperchloridia," or excess of gastric acids are induced and maintained by these whips of indigestion.

There is no such thing as a tasteless food. It is you, surfeited, overfed and underexercised that is without appetite or zest. No hungry creature needs highly seasoned food. There is a native tang in all victuals if you are hungry.

Green vegetables such as asparagus, lettuce, cress and asparagus vinaigrette have their chief virtues in that they are eaten raw or nearly raw. Turnips, carrots, and radishes are delicious when raw. They are less palatable than some foods even when cooked. All vegetables are a heavy load for the stomach when cooked with fats and meats.

Just think of it! Some stomachs attempt to digest boiled cabbage. Why, it takes five or six hours even to partially digest most of cooked cabbage! Yet raw cabbage is digested in less than two hours.

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ADVICE TO GIRLS

By ANNIE LAURIE

Dear Annie Laurie: I was married when I was fifteen years old, and am now twenty-two. My husband is in the army, and never fails to support me. He is kind to me sometimes, but he tells me he can't do without my friends. He tells me to go around with all the men I want, but I am not that kind. I did not care for any one outside of my husband, and now I hate him. He tells me he could never find another wife like me.

LONESOME DAISY. YES, I should think your husband would declare that he could never find another wife like you. There's more truth than poetry in it, too. If your husband can't do without his friends I wonder that he married at all.

If I were you I would try to find some other interest to take your mind away from him for a change. Do you like to read, and couldn't you take in church work of some sort? Summer opens up numbers of opportunities for service, and in helping others you may find forget-

fulness for your own troubles—for a time, at least.

Dear Annie Laurie—I am a girl of seventeen, and live with my aunt, who is very strict with me. I want to go out with a young man I met at a party. My aunt won't let him come to the house, as she thinks I am too young to have company. Since I like him very much, do you think it would be all right for me to see him out-side once in a while? ANNA.

There are so few strict aunts now that it is sometimes a real pleasure to hear of one, no matter how stern she may be. I should think that you are too young to receive company, however.

Imagine that your aunt thinks she is taking the best care of you. Never mind; soon you will be eighteen, and surely she won't refuse to allow you to entertain your friends after that.

Won't she allow you to have a group of your friends in some evening? Sometimes mothers will let their daughters entertain a number of their friends at once when they do not approve of just one calling at a time. At least, you might try it. You probably have to tell a number of fibs to cover up the fact that

you met the young man away from home. Don't start that, Anna.

Dear Annie Laurie: Should an engagement ring have any engraving in it, and if so, what? VERNON.

It is not necessary to have engraving in an engagement ring, but many have it put in as a matter of sentiment. The engraving may be the simple inscription, "John to Mary," or some short motto. The jeweler would be able to estimate the length of such a motto, and might be able to give suggestions as to just what the engraving should be.

Mittens to Spare. Vicar's Daughter—Where did you get those nice khaki mittens, Daisy? Did your mother knit them for you? Daisy—No, miss. Daddy sent them home from the front at Christmas. Punch.

Best Ways to Can Fruit

The Leftover Dish of Berries or Cherries May Be Saved
to Make Delicious Lunch Dish—Hints on Methods.

AMONG the domestic arts which are gradually disappearing is the canning and preserving of fruits and vegetables, also the making of preserves, jams and jellies.

The average city housekeeper does not deal in gallons of any sort of thing. Quarts are her unit of measure. As to knowledge and judgment, the two essentials are the proper utensils to cook in, and the correct degree of heat necessary. The modern gas range solves the latter problem, with the aid of a thermometer, the heat can be kept at an exact point indefinitely. For utensils nothing compares with enameled ware for all this work. It is unaffected by heat, it is light to handle and easily cleaned. The skimmers, ladles and long spoons of enameled ware will also be found most useful. They possess all the advantages of the preserving kettles except that of retaining heat. Indeed, they are more comfortable in that respect to handle than any metal implements.

Before scientific sterilization of kettles and jars was known, it was imperative to use large amounts of sugar to insure the keeping of the fruit. Now, by bringing the jars which are to contain the preserves to a high degree of heat, by putting in the preserves while still boiling, by sealing the jars at the same temperature, the danger of the microbe is eliminated, and taste is the only test needed of the requisite amount of sweetness.

There is on the market an oblong-shaped enameled ware which is particularly well adapted for this purpose. It has a wire grating which fits in near the bottom on which ten or a dozen jars can stand. By filling this kettle with hot water, gradually brought to the boiling point, the jars acquire the requisite

degree of heat without danger of breaking.

In this country we do not appreciate or make the use of jam we should.

For example, after breakfast half a saucerful of strawberries remains in the dish. Instead of putting these aside and eating them when they are getting messey, the French housewife puts them into a small preserving kettle with a little sugar and lets them cook slowly on the back of the stove. It may be that at luncheon some half dozen or so of cherries are left from a dish of fruit. These, carefully stoned, are added to the strawberries and again cooked. This process goes on until there is enough jam to fill a glass or two, when it begins over again. We have a way of saying that the Italian and French thrive because they can live on so little. That is true, but we do not add as we should, that from odd ends and ends is only a case in point.

One more hint on jams. They keep as well that they can be put in chipped cups or earthenware bowls, covered with paraffin paper. Jellies are quite another matter. They can also be made by the glass, but all the fruit will not "jell." Currant and grape jelly will always be standbys. Of late years we have had other jellies such as peach, raspberry, and mint. These are all made with a foundation of apple jelly with enough of the other fruit to give a flavoring. It is a good idea to make up a quantity of apple jelly when apples are cheap. This keeps perfectly and melted up can be transformed at short notice into something quite different.

Never stir a jelly with a metal spoon. Its color is easily darkened. The enameled skimmer, ladle and spoon will obviate this danger. Don't use too large glasses for jelly. A glass of jelly should be eaten as soon as it is opened.

SEEN IN THE SHOPS

By the Shopper

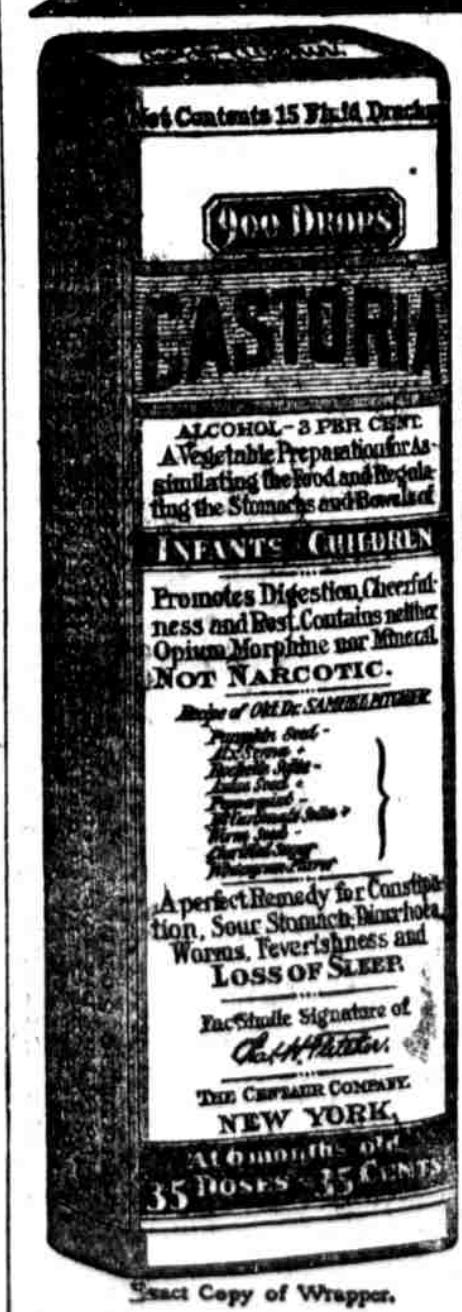
DISCOVERED AT LAST—the way to extract olives from the bottle without having to turn them upside down! Some clever soul has invented a device that performs the operation neatly and with dispatch. This is nothing more or less than a pair of olive tongs in nickel. The happy possessor merely plunges the tongs into the bottle, seizing an olive with them—and everybody's happy. The tongs cost 35 cents and are simply invaluable for any well-fitted lunch-kit.

Boy scouts who are planning to spend some of their time at Camp Archibald Butt this summer will find numerous uses for a special

acout flashlight manufactured by a New York company. In addition to the usual flashlight, there is a double slide with lights of red, and green, giving opportunity for signaling by the semaphore system. The lamps cost \$1.10 and separate batteries are 25 cents each.

Bud vases are charming for the dressing table. They are of glass, tall and slender, with a spreading stand and top of filigree silver. The price—remarkably low at that—is 50 cents.

Ladybugs that will fly—or rather scuttle—away home every time they are wound, will be amusing to children of all ages. Potato bugs, beetles and other entomological specimens are equally gifted with parlor tricks. These little metal toys are 10 cents each.



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